THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. II. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1806. N°. 30.

Printed and published by COLE & HEWES, 4 N. Charles-st.
FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

THE BY-STANDER.—No. XI.

"Valete." Farewel.

AS this is the last number which will appear under the ead of the By-Stander, it will be proper to disclose the easons which induced us to present our essays to the pub-c. Upon the resignation of the first Editor, the Com-anion depended almost entirely upon the communication ox; we had observed that it was badly supported and d degenerated both in the prosaic and poetic depart-ents. Sensible of the neglect into which it had fallen, d anxious for the literature of Baltimore, we formed association, the members of which engaged to pro-ce essays in rotation. The Club consisted of but three, d for a long time we offered our reflections in a regular ies of papers, one of the principal objects of which s to correct general faults and to inculcate moral senti-ents. With such intentions, the purity of which can-ot be impeached, we came forward and hoped that it uld be in our power to continue during the year; but proceed in the determination with which we commen-d, would, we *now* find, be incompatible with our pro-sional studies. As the proprietor, under whose auspi-s we first presented our juvenile effusions, has resigned claim to the *Easy Chair*, we believe our contribution be no longer necessary. The Companion is under the ection of one whose talents and erudition will undoubt-y raise it to eminence; whose taste and genius will ply compensate for the removal of the crude and undi-ed lucubrations of the By-Stander.

The attention of every one who wishes to be distinguished in the literary world, should be directed to the cultivation and improvement of his style. Proceeding upon this principle during the winter evenings we devoted our time to those essays which have already been published. Winter having passed they must as *lucubrations* necessarily cease.

The errors which we have committed will, we hope, be excused; for independent of our youth and inexperience, it would have been utterly impossible to produce a paper *every week* free from faults. We have not the vanity to suppose that *any* are without imperfections, but we feel confident that some of the inaccuracies are owing in a great measure to the haste with which the pieces were composed. Many are written with carelessness; these we would, if possible, recal; but we trust that our generous readers will pardon those faults which time and revision might have obviated, and duly appreciate the incentives which actuated us.

Some objections have been made to the number of quotations with which we interspersed our essays; but hitherto we have not been convinced of any impropriety in having done it; for when the elegance of the quotations from the best ancient and modern writers is considered, who can repent having read them in the words of the original author? And if we had expressed the same ideas in our own language, the charge of plagiarism would then have been adduced against us. Whatever quotations we selected from the Latin, were usually accompanied with a translation, and we doubt not that many of our readers were as much, if not more pleased with the citations than with the original matter of the essay. Trusting that all objections are removed on this head, another of greater consideration remains—more important, because it concerns the fairest part of creation. Their resentment was excited by the *fourth* number, wherein an amusement then prevalent in this city was condemned. We were

considered as enemies to the sex and hostile to all fashionable diversions. The Spectator criticized the dresses and manners of the ladies in order to lead them to a perusal of his speculations and compel them to listen to reproof; but at this period every lady pays *some* attention to reading and this excuse will therefore ill suffice the By-Stander. The reasons which prompted that attack and engaged us in that warfare, were the declarations in the first number, to endeavour to draw their attention from trifling and transient pleasures to more exalted and refined ones, to convince them of the truth of the expression,

> Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll:
> Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul,

and to distrust the vain professions of flattering *beaux*, who dangle after beauty and pronounce with insincerity what their reason and judgment must condemn. That this was the object, our *tenth* number written in vindication of our behaviour to the fair, and plainly professing the great regard we constantly retained for them will shew. The expressions may have been harsh and disagreeable, and if so, the generosity of our readers will pardon them as the effusions of a mind scrupulous of countenancing a time-killing amusement. The censure also might have embraced more than was actually intended, as *curiosity* excited in many a desire of visiting only to behold what passed on such occasions; on such the attack was not justifiable, but the author of that essay considered not the intentions of a part but of the whole, and it was his design to expose the impropriety of the levees and not the persons attendant upon them. The *tenth* number, we trust, dissipated those forerunners of a storm which appeared on the front of beauty. We again declare that we shall ever entertain a high opinion and a profound respect for the ladies and studiously endeavour to deserve their approbation. If a wish for their happines had not actuated us, we would never have attempted to correct their imperfections.

Thus having discharged ourselves of the labour which we voluntarily assumed and pursued, with encouragement far above our merit, we beg leave to return our thanks to Mr. Easy for his condescension in permitting the insertion of our productions. Perhaps at some future period we may resume our labours; but for the present we must resign the station which we have hitherto held to more worthy writers, who since the acceptation of the present editor have determined to exert their energies in support of his laudable undertaking. Circumstances render it impossible for us to assist, but we doubt not that the united endeavours of the *Easy* Club and of the *Literati* of Baltimore generally, will raise the Companion to an enviable station.

M.

ROSCOE's LEO X.

In order to constitute a proper subject for a separate extensive biographical work, it seems necessary that the hero should be either so elevated by rank and station as to form a kind of centre to the great events and characters of a particular period, or that he should himself possess a very distinguished place in the class of mankind to which he belongs. Without one of these conditions, unless indeed where the features of character and the incidents of life are very remarkable, an interest will be wanting to keep up the reader's attention through the details of a long narrative. Of the numerous pieces which have appeared in this important branch of literature, none has completely answered these requisites as Mr. Roscoe's Leo the Tenth. Mr. Roscoe has not only selected the most illustrious personage of his time, but has made choice of a period the most important in the history of Europe. In or about this time the causes were laid of all the great events which have formed the present manners and politics of Europe. Then were sown the seeds of Ecclesiastical reform and then it was that the long extinguished light of science began to be restored. The arts which the munificence of Lorenzo had revived, seemed under the auspices of Leo to acquire fresh lustre, and the powers of Ariosto, Michael Angelo and Raphael, were displayed in all the magnificent atchievements of poetry, painting and sculpture. Every true friend to literature must feel the value of such a work as Mr. Roscoe's. It not only supplies some important defects in political history, but enables us to speak with precision concerning many points of the most importance to classical learning. Sir Richard Clayton's excellent translation of Tenhove was the only work we possessed relative to this eventful period: and yet notwithstand the many encomiums it has received, must be considered only as an unfinished outline. Those who have wished to see the sketch of Tenhove filled up, the colouring laid on and the whole piece finished by some masterly hand, will find their wishes accomplished in the labours of Mr. Roscoe. Even Italy herself, the theatre of these events, has long felt the want of a publication like this, and did not the genius of that once distinguished country now languish under oppression, we might hope to see the pages of Roscoe distinguished by an Italian version. The elegant and captivating ma-

in which the literature of this period is discussed will, it is hoped, introduce to our more intimate acquaintance the higher poets of modern Italy. The Florentine muses, not less than the Grecian and Roman, are marked by the features of originality and beauty. No poet ever possessed a more sublime and original strain of fancy than Dante; he is, in poetry, what Michael Angelo is in painting; and though his characters have on them the stamp of a wild and irregular fancy, they are nevertheless drawn with the skill and discrimination of a master—as a late elegant writer has expressed it—"His draught of men and their passions is eternal."

The sonnets of Petrarch can never be too much admired for their inimitable tenderness and beauty. It is a relief to pass from the solemn harmony and terrific imagery of Dante, to the softer cadences and milder pictures of Petrarch's muse.* We are led by every milder feeling to the retreat of Valclusa. The strain of the poet is yet softer than the breeze or the murmur of his fountains; yet was he not without energy, his subject was sometimes high and holy; he was familiar with death, and his breathings were after immortality; he too could describe the disruption of the mortal veil and the departure of the soul.

Svegliata fra gli spiriti eletti
Ove nel suo fattor L'ama sinterna.†

I have often wondered that a version of so beautiful a poet as Petrarch has never been attempted in English. England certainly possesses translators equal to the task, and it is much to be lamented that lord Strangford did not here display those talents by which he has irradiated the cold conceptions of the Portuguese muse.

But it is not in the regions of fiction and poetry alone that the Italians have made the most distinguished figure. In animated historical narration, in political research, no modern stands on the same ground with Machiavelli and Guichiardini, and however France may boast her numerous tribe of novellists, they are all surpassed by the inimitable Boccacio.

ALGAROTTI.

MR. HAYLEY'S LIFE OF COWPER.

Genius and virtue in union never fail to excite the interest of all who contemplate them, and when misfortune is added, all the sympathetic emotions are irresistibly called into action. This concurrence was exemplified in an uncommon degree in the late William Cowper, whose poetical talents broke forth with a lustre that astonished all readers, while the tokens displayed in his works of exalted piety and benevolence on the one hand, and of a deeply wounded spirit on the other, inspired general esteem and regret. Curiosity was powerfully awakened to the history of such a man, and as it was imperfectly gratified during his life, the public impatiently expected fuller information after his decease. Every one was apprised that various reasons of delicacy existed which might prohibit an undisguised narrative of all that concerned him; but it was hoped that enough of the veil might be drawn aside to exhibit the true features of his singular character, and the principal circumstances by which it was formed. When it was understood that the office of his biographer had devolved upon an eminent writer, who had enjoyed a greater share of his intimacy, and might be supposed to have obtained access to all existing memorials respecting him, little doubt was entertained that a valuable and interesting production would be the result.

Mr. Hayley has adopted a mode of biographical writing which has proved popular in some late instances, and certainly possesses some advantages—that of making the subject in a great measure his own historian by interweaving in the narrative all his familiar letters, which relate the events of his life, or display the sentiments of his mind. This method is lively and entertaining, and carries with it a strong impression of authenticity—it has however obvious defects. Frequently no one is less to be depended upon in the representations of incidents, or of principles and motives, than the person to whom they belong, and it is from the sagacious and impartial biographer alone that we can expect such a statement as shows the man as he really is, stript of the mask of self-love.—Further, the thread of narrative is broken, and all due proportion of length to importance of matter destroyed by such an intermixture. On the whole, it cannot be considered as a just model of this species of composition, and probably will seldom be employed unless where the biographer is conscious of a paucity of materials for his own share of the work, or of some nice and delicate points in the story upon which he does not wish to express himself with the responsibility of an author. That the familiar letters of men of eminence are of themselves highly pleasing, no one will call in question, or that they form excellent matter for the use of the biographer, who may with great advantage introduce portions of them as illustrations of character and incident. It is only with

* See preface to the Pursuits of Literature.

† Translation of the Italian. Awakened as from slumber among the spirits of the elect, where the soul enjoys a more intimate communion with her maker. PETRARCH.

this chequered mode of mingling them entire, with the staple of the writer's narration, that any objections can be found.

There are no grounds for supposing that Mr. Hayley has designedly sunk any information relative to the early history of the subject of his memoirs; but it is to be lamented that this period of his life is passed over with a rapidity which leaves us in the dark with respect to the most essential points in the formation of this extraordinary character. We are told of an extreme modesty and reserve in his nature, of a shyness and delicacy of feeling that rendered a public school a scene of terror and torment to him, yet he passed with credit through this school, formed connexions with such men as Colman, Lloyd and Thornton, and, as we have reason to believe, mingled in the pleasures and gaieties of the metropolis, rather distinguished by uncommon mirth and vivacity than marked with the impression of pensive diffidence. Are we then to imagine that it was the mere influence of natural temper which at the mature age of thirty-one rendered the idea of appearing in an official station at the bar of the house of lords so distressing to his mind as entirely to overwhelm his reason: or rather to conclude that some previous circumstance had so debilitated his nervous system as to reduce him to the brink of that unhappy condition, into which the above incident precipitated him? Surely the latter supposition is the most agreeable to what we know of the mental affections; yet we have only vague conjecture to confirm it. Was not compunction for youthful irregularities probably enhanced by the austerity of a gloomy religious system, the great predisposing cause? Is not this idea inculcated by the mention of an undescribable load of religious despondency which clouded his faculties, while under the care of Dr. Cotton, at Saint Alban's?—Pity if the delicacy of the biographer (which is indeed one of his most conspicuous features) has in this instance, precluded the reader's instruction.

Let it not be reckoned hostile to the spirit of rational devotion, when it is said, that such a perpetual recurrence of the same ideas, and those according to the system adopted by this class of religionists, chiefly of the awful, alarming, self-debasing kind, could not fail of overwhelming such a mind as that of Cowper's, naturally prone to timid apprehension, and still infirm from the relics of late derangement. A philosophical biographer, not shackled by the necessity or inclination of acting the encomiast on every occasion, must have found a fertile and interesting source of reflection in the incidents in Cowper's life. Mr. Hayley, however, has ventured only once slightly to touch on the topic of devotional excesses; he has not even been warmed to any expression of indignant pity on the circumstance of Cowper's falling under the direction literary, as well as religious, of a person, who may deserve the epithet of a "benevolent and animated pastor;" but certainly was not the man in point of education or abilities, to whom the destiny of a man rich in the stores of learning and animated with pure poetic fire, ought to have been committed. It appears that such a genius was suffered for some years to discontinue all proper means of intellectual improvement, and to waste its efforts upon methodistical hymns and versions of the reveries of quietism!

The deficiencies of the biographical part of this work have already been noticed; and will certainly be felt by every one who has expected that the obscurity which hung upon that part of Cowper's life, which permanently influenced his character, would have been cleared up by his friend. It would however be an injustice to Mr. Hayley, to deny that his narrative is in many respects highly interesting, and that he has succeeded in impressing on the reader's mind a very lively as well as captivating image of the excellent person he commemorates. As a painter, he has indeed one defect; not only his principal figure, but all the accessary ones, are set off with such a glare of showy colouring, that distinction of feature is almost lost in the general lustre: To speak without a metaphor, we might imagine that when he sat down to compose, he had provided himself with a list of all the laudatory and ornamental epithets in the English language, in which he rang the changes in conjunction, with every name that occurred. It would not be easy to find a single person mentioned without some panegyrical addition; and the perpetual strain of compliment throws a finical and artificial air over his language, totally repugnant to the tone of manly sincerity.

The great value of this publication consists in the letters of Cowper, which are indeed some of the most exquisite specimens of the true epistolary style that our language affords, and it is truly wonderful that a man of shy and retired disposition, long buried in an obscure retreat, and absorbed in deep melancholy, should have been capable of a graceful and polished familiarity of address scarcely equalled by any of those who have been most conversant with the world. The humour, vivacity, elegance and ease of these artless effusions, have scarcely ever been surpassed, and the honest affectionate heart that animates them is a perpetual charm. Were this the sole present which the editor had made to the public, he would

merit its gratitude. But he has likewise collected many other fugitive compositions of his friend, which will give pleasure to the admirers of Cowper—light and careless as many of them are, upon the whole it cannot be doubted but that these volumes will not only engage the present curiosity of the public, but make a permanent addition to English literature. CRITO.

I do not know, Mr. Easy, when I experienced more real pleasure and intellectual satisfaction, than in the perusal of the last Companion. The elegance of stile and novelty of ground assumed by the anonymous writer of the remarks on the ancient classics, and his critical investigation of the theatre from the early days of Greece and Rome to the present æra, display such a fund of reading and accuracy of taste and judgment, as must have afforded, the most elegant repast to your readers;—— sorry I am to say, that any thing subsequent should have destroyed these pleasing impressions. But the attack upon learned ladies is so just an appeal to every admirer of this last best work of God—of the most beautiful ornament of the creation, that like a true knight, I cannot help taking up the gauntlet, and poor as I am in composition, standing forth their champion—for though I perish in the attempt like Phæton, I shall think myself honoured in the fall.

Were, what your anonymous correspondent asserts, true, that ladies are incapable of drinking deep at the Pierian spring, I would not even in this case attribute to them as a reproach, what at worst can be but a defect—that they do not drink deeper I own I regret, and to this I ascribe their being in general, what he stiles, smatterers in learning—and that no one discovery in science, which by he by I am not certain of, can be allowed to a female.

But whom have we to blame for this very remissness in their exertions?—man proud man, who in the plenitude of his power, selfishly restricts them to the arts of dalliance and the charms of pleasing.

It is not, Mr. Easy, that women are incapable of eminence in the pursuit of any attainment. It is we who limit their researches, who circumscribe their endeavours. What parent thinks of giving to a daughter the education of a son? A year or two at a grammar school, with French, and at most Italian, are the extent of female education—what wonder, that, on a foundation so slender, more weighty superstructure cannot be raised. The best of her time employed to render her either useful or entertaining to us lords of the creation, is spent in music, dancing, embroidery or needle work. Did boys enjoy advantages of no greater import, where should we look for the Homers and Virgils the Newtons and Franklins, with the other gigantic geniuses of masculine pre-eminence, whom we so proudly stile the sons of men, but whom with greater propriety we should rather call the sons of study, diligence, and investigation? And even, among these who have for so many centuries applied themselves to learning and intense study, we find but one Homer, one Newton, one or two eminent historians, and but very few real inventors, or truly eminent in any branch of science, to make up for the vast herd of blockheads poured forth annually from our seminaries, notwithstanding all their diligence and *manly* understandings, assisted by all the learning and experience of their *manly* teachers.

Now, Mr. Easy, it is my firm opinion, and indeed it seems a kind of sacrilege to me, to doubt, that the wise architect of creation, who is never inconsistent should to such symetry of shape and figure, such intelligence of eyes and features, and to such exquisite sensibility of feeling, deny a soul, or what is equivalent to it, grant them one deficient in power and capacity.

No, Mr. Easy, believe me it is impossible, and you, ye fairest flowers of creation, believe not the effusions of those who can think so meanly of you, or who wish to divest you of any one power of your souls or reason. Sensual indeed must that mind be, which in the angel woman, can contemplate nothing but the attractions of her person, and who can view in her mind no other power, and can grant her no other attainment but what conduces to her lustre as a mistress or a slave.

Good heavens, if it be my lot ever to enter that blest, that happy state, "where thought meets thought ere from the lips it springs"—may I in a form not inelegant, meet with a female endowed with sensibility—to whom I can communicate the effusions of my love or genius—who can perceive a point, or note a beauty, and who can divert me by her own occasional productions—converse with me upon the most learned subjects—from lips such as these, to gather wisdom how inchanting—to have some soft intelligent fair, to whom I can unbosom my grief with confidence of condolence and advice—to lay your sorrows on a bosom such as this, or on the bosom of a wanton—or of some pretty, little, ignorant wife, how different—but oh how different from the harsh dictates of bearded arrogance and self conceited wisdom.

A. B. C. D ARIAN.

ALPHABET OF LOVE.

Age. The heart is said never to grow old. So much the worse. It is hard to have wishes that youth only can realize.

Bliss. To obtain a kiss is pleasing—to steal it is happiness, but to receive it as the gift of love, is surely the height of bliss.

Confidence. It expresses more but proves less than timidity—love is at once its parent and destroyer—the most dauntless is timid before his mistress and the most reserved places the greatest confidence in her he loves.

Delight. The lover's heart is sometimes a prey to despair, but often beats with exquisite delight.

Enjoyment. To abstain from the most trifling, and to indulge in the greatest, are frequently productive of its ruin—fear prevents it in the first, and disgust destroys it in the latter.

Faithfulness. Women are commonly the most faithful—men most constant—the first have a greater command of their senses, the second of their hearts.

Gaiety. Grief when it interests the feelings, often gives birth to love, but gaiety and cheerfulness alone can preserve it.

Hope. "None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love will hope, where reason would despair."

Inconstancy. The sensual lover is alone subject to it—to the man who loves truly and consults his heart it is unknown.

Jealousy. When the effect of modesty is flattering, and when accompanied by gentleness, captivating—but as the result of self sufficiency and mistrust, it is at once humiliating and repulsive.

Knowledge. That alone to which the lover aspires, is to know that he is beloved.

Love. The parent of delight, the enemy of meanness and the friend of honour.

Misfortune. The heart is always awake to tenderness, when under the pressure of misfortune; and a lovely woman is never so dangerous as when she is in distress.

News. Never ask it of a man in love—he knows nothing, he hears nothing, he sees nothing but his mistress.

Ogling. The lover of sentiment never ogles his mistress—a leer is the disgusting expression of the grossest passion.

Pleasure. The lover's pleasures are all centered in the divinity he adores.

Questions. There are some you should never ask of your mistress.

Reason. Is said to be incompatible with love, but, constancy is only possible when reason justifies it.

Secrets. Never fear trusting them to two lovers, they are soon forgotten in the remembrance of their own.

Tears. Dangerous in some men—too common in women—they give new charms to beauty—but prove nothing.

Union. To be happy should be founded on love cemented by esteem, directed by reason, and preserved by decorum.

Variety. Monotony of character soon banishes the transports of the tender passion—an agreeable versatility of talents and disposition is necessary to preserve its ardour from languishing.

Zephyrs. Are very useful to the poet and the lover—though they sometimes excite jealousy in the one, and render the other tiresome.

THEATRICAL.

Mr. Easy,

The period for shewing our gratitude to those who hav afforded us so much amusement being arrived, I trust w shall not as hitherto, be found deficient in expressing i The benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, is I believe an nounced for Saturday, and in the entertainments chose we may expect, instead of ridiculous raree show, a ment and intellectual feast. When we reflect upon the merits this gentleman, so highly respectable as a man, so excel lent as an actor, and who has so invariably exerted his u most powers to amuse us, shall we not exult in the oppor tunity of proving to him, how duly we appreciate h worth—and when we consider, that to a man like M Wood, a man of delicacy, of feeling, of sentiment, w can offer the tribute of our esteem, at the expence of a do lar, who is it that would not embrace the occasion wi avidity—For my part I shall certainly be at the theatr and shall endeavour to draw with me as numerous a com pany, as my influence can command, and I shall bani from the list of true and faithful Knights, all those cav liers who, by absenting themselves from the play on Satu day, refuse to gratify the sincere wishes of every admi of merit as well as those of ELEANORA.

FROM LORD BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.

Alonso Cartilio being informed, by his Steward, th his income would not hold way with his expence; t Bishop asked him, whence it chiefly arose? The Ste

ard told him, from the multitude of his servants. The Bishop bade him make a list of such as were necessary, and such as might be spared: which he did; and the Bishop taking occasion to read it before most of his servants, said to his steward; Well, let these remain, because I have need of them; and these also, because they have need of me.

One came to a cardinal in *Rome*, and told him, he had brought his eminence a curious white Palfry; but that he fell lame by the way. Says the Cardinal to him, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do; go to such a Cardinal and such a Cardinal, naming him half a dozen of Cardinals, and tell them as much; and thus, though by thy horse, if he had been sound, thou could'st have obliged but one; with thy lame horse thou may'st please half a dozen.

A parcel of scholars going a Rabbit-hunting, carried a Scholar with them, who had not much more wit than he was born with; and gave him in charge, that if he saw any, he should be silent, for fear of scaring them; but he no sooner espied Rabbits before the rest, but he cried aloud, *Ecce multi cuniculi!** which he had no sooner said, but the rabbits fled to their burrows: and he being rebuked by them for it, cried, who the devil would have thought, that Rabbits understood *Latin*.

A minister being deprived for nonconformity, said to some people, *it should cost a hundred men their lives*: some who understood this, as to his being a turbulent fellow, that would have moved sedition, complained of him; whereupon being examined, he said, his meaning was, *that he would practise physic*.

A gentleman brought music to his lady's window.—She hated him, and had warned him often away; and when he would not desist, she threw stones at him: whereupon, one in company, said to him, what greater honour can your music have, than that stones come about you, as they did about *Orpheus*.

At a Banquet, where those call'd the seven wise men of *Greece* were invited by the ambassador of a foreign king: the ambassador related, that there was a neighbour mightier than his master, picked quarrels with him, by making impossible demands, otherwise threatening war; and now at present demanded of him, to drink up the sea. To which one of the wise men said, I would have him undertake it. Why, saith the ambasassador, how shall he come off? Thus said the sage, let the king first stop the rivers which run into the sea, and are no part of the bargain; and then your master will perform it.

A gentleman fell sick, and a friend of his said to him; Surely, you are in danger; pray send for a physician. The sick man answered; *'tis no matter, for if I die, I will die at leisure*.

* Behold many Rabbits.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We very much regret that the By-stander intends to relinquish the pen—from his productions, we had promised ourselves, many valuable communications—we trust he will resume it ere long, we shall undoubtedly always welcome with pleasure, the essays of so promising a writer.

PHILO BY-STANDER is received and will certainly be inserted, though with some ameliorations next week; so warm an advocate for classical learning ought not to forget that

> Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores nec *sinit* esse feros.

We must remark to ZENO, that we highly approve of the sentiments contained in his communication, respecting the importance of religion, in regulating the affairs of human life; but he must remember that truths should be at least perspicuous, and if not embelished with some degree of elegance of style, they will not be read with pleasure and consequently not attended to. It is from his failure in these points that we cannot profit by his good intentions. We would strongly recommend to him more attention to the manner of expressing his sentiments—by diligence and practice he may promise himself success—we shall be happy to afford him every encouragement consistent with our own reputation.

We are infinitely indebted to JULIUS for his charming poetic effusion, the Muses must certainly have their favourites amongst us—we flatter ourselves that those who taste of the waters of Helicon, will sometimes diffuse their sweets through the Companion

We are much pleased with the gallantry with which A. B. C. D ARIAN, has stepped forth as the champion of the fair sex—and hope he will continue to enliven our pages with his lucubrations.

ZOPHYRUS is received, and is under consideration.

We are much obliged to the Translator of the Alphabet of Love—it is a pretty jeu d'esprit, which might agreeably amuse a leisure moment, and would admit of many different translations.

We appeal to the good sense of BENEVOLUS for excusing our not inserting his communication. There is certainly nothing treasonable in it; but it might as certainly lead to discussions incompatible with the views of the Companion. The Editor would be very happy to converse with the author on the subject.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES ENCLOSING A LOCK OF A BELOVED CHILD'S HAIR.

For, from the children of the first born Cain
To him that did but yesterday su·pire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.

Dear tresses ! whose soft golden glow
Renews my tears, but soothes my woe,
Ye have escap'd the mould'ring grave ;
It swallows not your shadowy wave.
I see them, to my lips they're prest ;
I hold them to my anxious breast.
Ah ! but they ne'er again will flow,
Upon her neck of native snow ;
Ne'er will they shade again her cheek,
Where roses liv'd in blushes meek.
How have I seen this ringlet play,
And this upon her forehead stray ;
This hanging o'er her hazel eye,
Like fleeting clouds upon the sky ;
And these upon her shoulders fell,
And these would on her bosom dwell.
Ah ! tho' ye ne'er again will deck
Her modest brow, or veil her neck ;
Tho' ne'er again the entranced glance
On ev'ry silky curl shall dance ;
Yet shall your beauties still have pow'r
And charm beyond life's hasty hour.
A mother snatch'd them from the shroud,
A mother's pen shall speak aloud
Her praises, whom they once adorn'd ;
Seen but few years, but ever mourn'd.
Yes, time, my Frances, still shall tell
How like a flow'ret cropt you fell,
Which innocently spreads its bloom,
Wove by the spring's creative loom ;
And to the morn reveals its sweets,
But noontide radiance never greets MADONA.

ON SEEING A BAT FLYING ABOUT AFTER DAY-BREAK.

Whither, foolish flitting thing,
Dost thou bend thy leathern wing ?
The gloom thou lov'st is chac'd away
By the silver face of day,
And all the stillness of thy reign
Is lost in morning's noisy train.
O'er yonder eastern sky behold,
The purple clouds are fring'd with gold,
And soon from yonder wave shall rise
The light and glory of the skies.
Then hie thee to thy darksome bow'r,
Thy hollow oak, or ruin'd tow'r ;
Hence, to thy safe retreat away,
And screen thee from the ills of day ;
For soon shall man begin to go
His daily round of toil and woe,
Virtue shall wake to new alarms,
And passions set the world in arms.
But when below the western main
The orb of day has sunk again,
And wrapt in silence and in sleep,
None but thy race their vigils keep ;
Then may'st thou wing thy wavering flight,
And taste the raptures of the night ;
The freshness of the gentle breeze,
The murmurs of the waving trees,
The rippling of the winding stream,
All glittering with the moon's pale beam,
(Which, as the fleecy clouds divide
Descends to dance upon its tide)
The dark wave breaking on the shore,
The water-fall's more solemn roar,
With all, that rais'd by fancy's pow'r,
Can sweetly crown the midnight hour,
But not unheeded shalt thou fly ;
Unseen by any mortal eye ;
Thy doubtful flittings I will mark
And watch thy wanderings through the dark.
For kept awake by anxious love,
Near Ellen's cot I nightly rove,
To meet her in the chequer'd shade,
And to my bosom clasp the maid. JULIUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

The following lines were written by a lady on observing some white hairs on her lover's head.

Thou to whose power reluctantly we bend,
Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless time,
Alike the dread of lover, and of friend,
Why stamp thy seal on manhood's rosy prime ?
Already twining 'midst my Thyrsis' hair,
The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments of care.

Thro' all her forms, tho' nature own thy sway,
That boasted sway thou'lt here exert in vain ;
To the last beam of life's declining day,
Thyrsis shall view, unmov'd, thy potent reign.
Secure to please, whilst goodness knows to charm,
Fancy and taste delight, or sense and truth inform.

Tyrant, when from that lip of Crimson glow,
Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose shall fly ;
When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow,
And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye ;
When ruthless age disperses ev'ry grace,
Each smile that beams from that ingenuous face—

Then thro' her stores, shall active mem'ry rove,
Teaching each various charm to bloom anew,
And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love
Shall bend on Thyrsis its delighted view ;
Still shall he triumph with resistless pow'r
Still rule the conquerd heart to life's remotest hour.

BOOK, JOB, AND MUSIC PRINTING,
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS,
BY COLE & HEWES 4 N. CHARLES-STREET